

and one may take it, I think, that " L' Histoire
de 1'Affaire
Dreyfus " will not end without casting light
even on matters
which may still seem obscure.

In one of my chapters I mention an episode
in Zola's
private life, which is already known to so many
people that
it would have been ridiculous on my part to
have attempted
to conceal it, even if it had been right to do so.
I will not
enlarge on the subject here, for it is discussed
in its proper
place; I will merely reiterate my conviction
that if a
biographer may well be kind to the virtues and
a little blind
to the errors of a man he has loved it is
nevertheless his
duty to his readers to omit nothing that may
be essential
for a right understanding of the man's life.

Further, in another section of the book, I
have recounted
the incidents of the prosecution instituted
against my father
with respect to certain translations of Zola's
novels. And
in this connection I have had occasion to say
something
about certain fanatics, and also about the
attitude of the
majority of the British newspaper press before
it realised
that Zola was not so black as it had painted
him. Even
after the lapse of long years, such matters and
their con-
sequences cannot be recalled by one who
suffered by them
without some feeling of resentment. It is true
that in my
preface to the English version of Zola's last book
I expressed
my acknowledgments to the press generally for
the leniency,
patience, and even favour that had been shown
to me from
the time I began to re-introduce Zola's works to
the British
public. Those acknowledgments I am quite

ready to re-
iterate, in despite of the matters with which I
deal in a
chapter of the present book, for those matters
belong to an
earlier period. But a sense of duty and justice
to my father,
to my brothers and other relatives, to myself
as well, has
made it impossible for me to overlook the period
in question,
and what I regard largely as its aberrations.
Besides, in a
book intended for English readers, it is only
fit that the